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# PROLOGUE

To a New PLAY, called  
**Venice Preserv'd;**

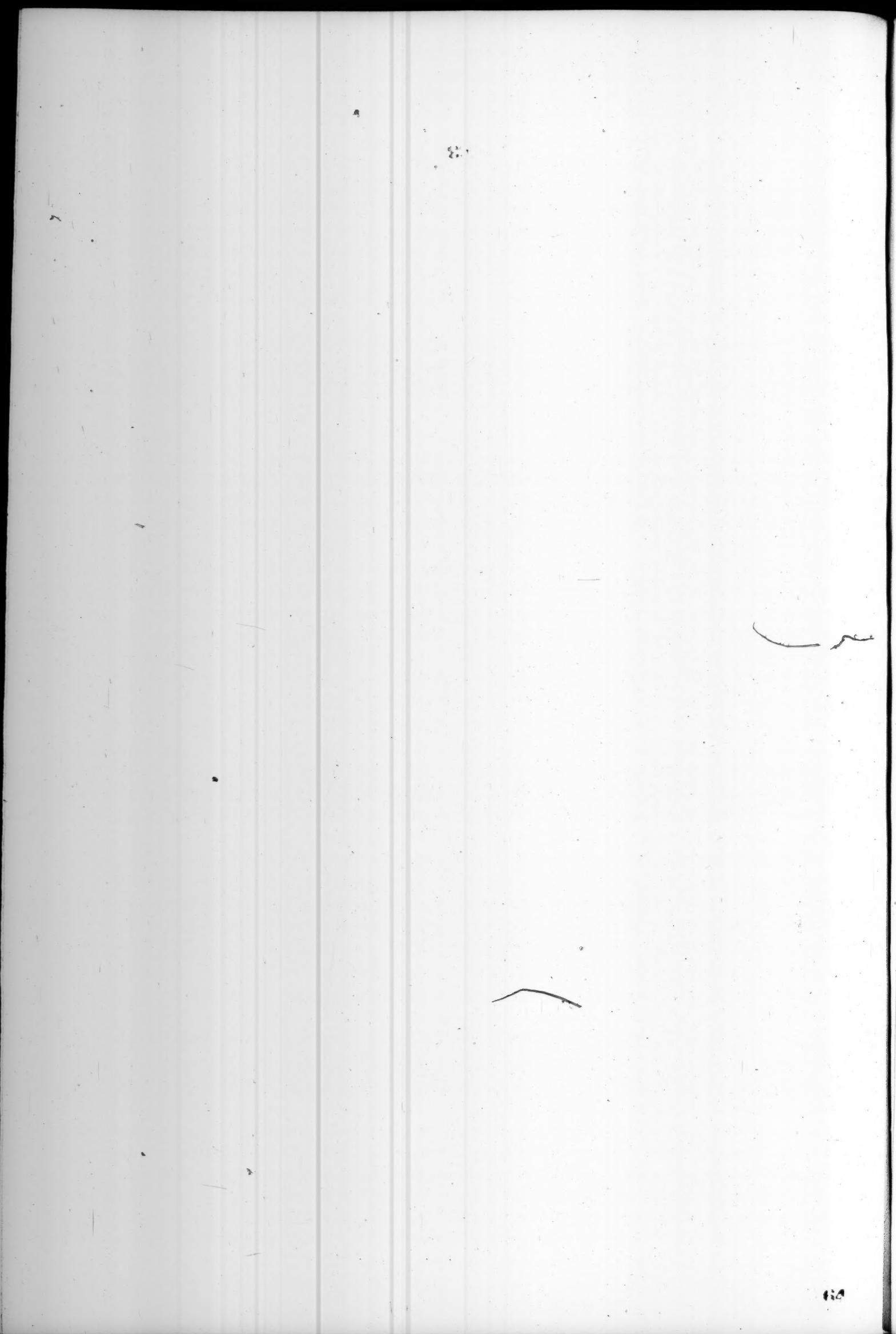
OR

## The PLOT Diiscover'd.

At the Duke's Theatre; Spoken by Mr. SMITH.  
II. Feb. 1682.

**I**N these unsetl'd Times, when each man dreads  
The Bloody Stratagems of buisy Heads,  
When we have fear'd three years I know not what,  
Till Witneses begin to die o'th' Rot,  
What made our Poet meddle with a Plot?  
Was't that he fanci'd, for the very sake  
And name of *Plot*, his trifling *Play* might take?  
For there's not jut one *Inch-board Evidence*;  
But is to each man's reason, plain and sense;  
And that he thinks a plausible defence,  
Were *Truth* by Sense and Reason to be try'd,  
Sure all our *Swearers* might be laid aside.  
No, of such Tools our Author has no need,  
To make his *Plot*, or make his *Play* succeed.  
He of *Black-Bills* has no prodigious Tales,  
Of Spanish Pilgrims thrown ashore in *Hales*.  
Here's not one murder'd Magistrate, at least  
Kept rank, like *Veson*, for a City-Feast;  
Grown four day's stiff, the better to prepare  
And fit his pliant Limbs to ride in *hair*.  
Here are no Truths of such a Monstrous Nature;  
And some believe there are none such in Nature.  
But here's an *Army* rais'd, though under ground,  
Yet no Men seen, nor one Commission found.  
Here is a *Traitor*on, that's very old,  
A turbulent, subtle, mischeivous and bold,  
Bloody, Revengeful; and to Crown his Part,  
Loves stumbling with a Wench with all his heart.  
And after having many Changes, past, & *present*,  
In spight of *Age*, *shanks*, *Heav'n*, he's hang'd at last.  
Next, here's a *Senator* that keeps a *Whore*,  
In *Venice* none a higher Office bore.  
To Lewdness every night the *Leacher* sat;  
Shew me in *London* such another man; he'll  
Match him at *Mother Crescents* if you can.  
Ah *Poland*, *Poland*, hadst thou thy *Plot* so ill advised?  
I have heard in time of this *Venetian-Plot*,  
Thou surely chosen hadst one Plot from *ience*,  
And honour'd them, as thou hast *England* since.

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# EPilogue

To the Same.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

**T**He Text is done, and now for Application :  
And when that's ended, give your Approbation.  
T<sub>h</sub>o' the Conspiracy's prevented Here,  
Methinks I see another Hatching There.  
And there's a certain Faction fair would sway,  
If they had strength enough, and damn this Play ;  
But this the Author boldly bad me say.  
If any take his Plainness in ill part,  
He's glad on't from the bottom of his Heart,  
Poets in Honour of the Truth should Write,  
With the same Courage Brave Men for it Fight.  
And tho' against him causeless Hatred rise,  
And daily where he goes of late he spies  
The Frowns of sullen and revengeful Eyes.  
'Tis what he knows, with much contempt, to bear,  
And serves a Cause too good to let him fear.  
He fears no Poyson from an incens'd Drab,  
No Ruffians five foot Sword, nor Rascals Stab ;  
Nor any other Snares of Mischief, laid,  
Not a *Rose-Ally* Cudgel, Ambuscade.  
From any private Cause where Malice Reigns,  
Or general Pique, that Blockheads have to Brains.  
Nothing shall daunt his Pen when Truth doth call,  
No, not the Picture-Mangler at *Guild-Hall*.  
The Rebel Tribe ( of which that Vermin's one )  
Have now set forward, and the Course begun.  
And while that Prince's Figure they deface,  
Durst their base Fears but look Him in the Face,  
As they before had Massacred His Name,  
They'd use His Person as they've us'd his Fame.  
A Face, in which such Lineaments they Read,  
Of that Great Martyr, whose Rich Blood they Shed,  
That their Rebellious Hate they still maintain,  
And, in his Son, would Murder Him again.  
With Indignation then let each Brave Heart,  
Rowze and Unite to take His injur'd Part,  
Till Royal Love and Goodness call Him Home,  
And Songs of Triumph meet Him as He comes.  
Till Heaven His Honour and His Peace Restore,  
And Villains never wrong His Virtue more.

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